# NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

TO RAISE ESTEEM, WE MUST MERIT ESTEEM; TO SECURE LOVE, WE MUST PLEASE THEM.—DR. JOHNSON.

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## LAW INTELLIGENCE.

In the course of the past week, two persons have been tried in this town on the charge of murder. From the Reports of the trials published in the *Daily Advertiser*, we have selected what appeared to us to be most material; our limits not permitting the insertion of them at length. The trial of Manuel will be given next week.

### SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT—April 12.

Present, Chief Justice Parker—Judge Jackson and Judge Wilde.

*Commonwealth, vs. Thomas Charles Bell.*

Hon. Daniel Davis for the Commonwealth—Andrew Dunlap and Abm. Moore, Esq. for the prisoner.

The Indictment was read, which charged Thomas C. Bell with the crime of Murder upon one Pamela Perry, by striking her with his hands and a large stick, and kicking her with his feet, on the 12th of March last, and inflicting wounds of which she died on the 13th.

The Solicitor General on the behalf of the Commonwealth opened the cause by stating the circumstances which he expected to prove. Prisoner lived at the north part of the town called the *Hill*, kept a house of a nature which is a disgrace to any community, more especially to one like that in which he live. The deceased was an unhappy young woman of 19 years of age, and the [illegible] of a respectable family at some distance from the town, who had been under the keeping of the prisoner, until she had become as wretched a [illegible] could be. On the 10th of March she had been to attend an auction, and came home intoxicated, and fell down near the prisoner's door, where she was found by him, and beaten and bruised in the manner that would be described, with a stick, which had been destroyed by the prisoner, and could not be produced. She was beaten on the following days, and in consequence of the wounds she received, she was thrown into convulsion fits, and in one of those fits she died.

*Thomas Badger* was sworn. He was the Coroner, who summoned the jury of inquest on the body of Pamela Perry. He saw her about fifteen minutes after she died. The body was exhibited, and found that from the head part of her body, was black and blue, as if had been [illegible] to have been occasioned by bruises from some stick. The body was swollen in a manner that appeared to arise from blows. There were similar marks on her arms and sides.

*George Stearns* sworn. Was on the coroner's jury who examined the body. She was beat on her back and arms, and from her head to her feet. Saw no wounds on the fore part of her body, except on her lower limbs.

*Lucy Gray*, called and sworn. Saturday morning 9 or 10 o'clock saw Bell up in to Mr. Connet's shop after Pamela. She was there and had been drinking and spending her money. He told her to go home. She said she would if he would give her something to drink. He gave her something. Went down to the market, and going by Bell's cellar, heard a dreadful begging. She looked in and saw Bell beating Pamela with a stick full of knots, over her shoulders, and across her knees, and begging for her life, and saying don't Mr. Bell, you kill me. He replied, I mean to take your life; you go and get drunk and spend your money. Witness returned from market, and met Bell. She asked him what he beat that poor girl so for. He answered with an oath, that he meant to whip her till he killed her. Did not see her again until Tuesday. She went in to see Pamela; she was in the agonies of death, laying her head on Bell's knees. She said to Bell, *you have whipped the girl to death.* Her asked her who *says I have whipped her to death?* She turned up the clothes and showed him the stripes on her body. Bell said to witness, *don't you say nothing, and you shan't lose nothing.* Says I, *I want nothing.* Afterwards she saw Bell in the kitchen, and told him Pamela was dead. He said he did not care. Witness saw the body when it was laid out. It was very black with bruises. Her husband is a [illegible]-man, and she observed to some one that the body was blacker than he. The back of her head was much bruised.

A juror inquired about the wounds on the head. She answered there was a bunch on her head nearly as big as a hen's egg, and she could hardly get her cap on. There were bruises under her ears.

*Dr. Adams* came in and was sworn. On the 13th of March between 4 and 5 o'clock, he was summoned to attend as a juryman, to examine a dead body. They examined the body of a woman called Pamela Perry. It had very evident marks of violence. On one of the shanks the skin was broken evidently by a blow. On the neck were marks of blows apparently given by a stick; also, on her shoulder and arms. Blows appeared to be recent. On the thighs were also marks of blows. The back was discoloured, but not much could be judged of the cause, for the blood was settled, there apparently from the position of the body. On the head was a protuberance about two inches in diameter. They inquired into the cause, and heard evidence. They gave a verdict that she came to death by violence, and it was the opinion of the witness, that she came to her death by the wounds which they observed. Could not say particularly that any one of the wounds would destroy life, but they thought that the wounds together were fully sufficient to occasion death. The wound upon the head did not appear to have been produced by the stick which inflicted the other wounds. It might have been produced by a fall upon the pavements.

*Cross examined.* Were many marks upon the [illegible], but no one which could be pronounced, without evidence, the cause of death.

The Solicitor inquired if John Williams was examined before the coroner's inquest. It being answered in the affirmative, he inquired of the court whether the testimony given by him on that occasion might be given here, he having been since disqualified. The court said it had been decided that such evidence was not admissible.

Mr. [illegible] regarding the liberty, if it should be necessary to make a few remarks in the close, opened the defence of the prisoner by remarking, that in ordinary cases it was considered enough for the Counsel for the accused, to raise in the minds of the Jury a reasonable doubt of his guilt, and it seldom happened that a prosecution so important as the present, originated so completely in error and mistake, as to put it in the power of a prisoner to establish beyond a reasonable doubt a general belief of his innocence. This case had however occurred, and he was happy in the belief, that when the testimony on the part of the prisoner was heard, the Court, the Judge and all present, would be satisfied that he was entirely innocent of the charge brought against him. He should prove that so far from this poor wretch having come to her death by violence, it was merely the natural consequence of vice and the end of a course of intemperance and debauchery, and that her own ungovernable and dissolute habits alone had brought her to an early grave. The nurse who lived in the family where Pamela was a child, would be produced to prove that she was in childhood subject to fits, and that she had since occasionally been liable to them. Testimony of the most full and ample nature would be offered to show that her course of life was the most profligate and abandoned; that shortly preceding her death, for two or three days before that event, she had been in a constant unremitted state of intoxication; that she complained much of pains in her chest, and of other sufferings resulting, according to her own account, from her habits of life; that during this time she eat little and drank much; that she had fallen down twice in the course of this period three or four steps into the cellar, and once upon the ice in the street, which created the bruise on the head and the other marks of injury on her person. Testimony would however be produced to vary very much the aspect of the cause on the subject of appearance of violence. A physician of the first professional education and respectability, had examined with the utmost care her body, and had dissected it, and his testimony would be, that he found but two marks of injury; one upon the head, and the other a slight one upon the thigh, and that the witnesses for the government must have mistaken the natural appearance produced by the settling of the blood in a dead body, for those of violence.—In addition to this it would be found that Bell had never used the threatening language attributed to him, and had struck the deceased but three or four blows, those not with force, and rather in sport than in anger, and in parts of the body where no serious injury could be sustained. After this he would call the witnesses and he hoped their evidence would render it unnecessary for him again to address the Jury.

*Dr. Parkman* sworn. He was called one hour and a half before the death of Pamela, and found her in convulsions, and apparently near death. He was told that she drank habitually a good deal of spirit, and had lately been drinking a good deal.

At 8 o'clock P. M. was called to examine the body. There was a black and blue mark of about the size of a cent on each thigh, and on the back of the head was a swelling of about the size of a dollar, but the injury did not manifestly extend below the skin. These were all the external wounds. On opening the body [illegible] the intestines, they were inflamed for about 10 feet, and there was evidence of costiveness of the bowels. The black and blue appearance of the lower surface of the body did not decidedly indicate any external violence. The inflammation of the intestines he should consider a much more probable cause of death, than the marks of external violence.

*Dr. Adams*, being called, said if he had seen the appearances described by Dr. Parkman, it would not have altered his opinion of the cause of her death by external violence, after having heard the evidence which was given before the coroner's inquest. In answer to a question by one of the jury, he said that the wound on the head was on the occipital bone.

*Lydia Jones* had known Pamela for some months, and if she was the girl that she knew when she was a little girl, of which she seemed to entertain doubts, she was liable to fits when she was six months old. She knew her a year ago, when she had a very bad fit, which she believed was occasioned by drink. She saw her the Saturday night before she died, when she was a little in liquor. On Sunday morning she would not eat any breakfast.—She said she would not eat any until Mr. Bell gave her some rum. She got some rum, but still would not eat any breakfast. She ate no dinner, and after dinner she drank seven glasses of brandy. She did not complain of Bell's having beaten her. Bell appeared to treat her kindly; and was *skylarking* with her and the others, through that day.

*Mary Augusta Graham*, was sworn. She knew Pamela,—saw her on Saturday—she was drunk; went to an auction, where she was very unruly, and was put out of the room,—going home fell down and bruised her face. When she got home, Bell complained of her being drunk, and told her *she was a disgrace to her sex.* He whipped her across her knees with a slight pine stick. Witness related a variety of other disgusting particulars. On Sunday the deceased ate nothing, but drank a good deal. Went out to the door, and fell down the steps, in a fit. After the fall there was a bunch on the back of her head, &c.

On Monday Pamela complained, that her insides felt as if they were all burning up, and said that she meant to reform her manner of life. While she was talking she went to a fit.

The Court here interrupted the witness, and said they were of opinion it was not necessary to proceed any further with the defence.

*The Chief Justice* addressed the Jury.—He recapitulated the charge stated in the indictment, and said it was incumbent on the government to show that the deceased came to her death by the causes there stated. He adverted to the testimony of Lucy Gray, the substance of which he recapitulated. It appeared from the testimony of this witness that the deceased died on Tuesday—that there were marks upon the body, &c. He recapitulated also the testimony of Dr. Adams. Dr. A. had made up his mind, founded partly on the testimony which had been given on the coroner's inquest, but which was of a nature not to be admitted here, that she came to her death from the external violence. The Chief Justice also stated the substance of Dr. Parkman's testimony, and his opinion that the death arose from internal injury. The first thing to be proved he said was, that the death was occasioned by violence. In this case there were not only contradictory opinions, on this point, but Dr. Parkman had on dissection discovered sufficient causes of death which could not have arisen from violence. Dr. Adams was not present on this examination, and as his opinion that the death was occasioned by violence, was founded principally on the evidence which he had heard, and which could not be received here, his opinion could not be considered as conclusive. There was therefore a failure of proof of the material part, of death by violence, and it was unnecessary to inquire any further. He proceeded to remark upon some other parts of the testimony, and concluded by observing that there was not in the case that satisfactory evidence on which the prisoner could be convicted.

The jury retired a few minutes, after which they returned, were called, and gave a verdict of *Not Guilty.*

On motion of Mr. Moore, the prisoner was discharged.

## MISCELLANY.

From the New-York Daily Advertiser.

### IRISH COMMENTS ON AMERICAN PRINCIPLES.

We find in our file of "The Irishman," a Belfast Newspaper, the message of the President of the United States given at length, with comments by the editor, Mr. Leitch, who makes a contrast between this speech and those of the king of England.

"The king's speeches are a cold, lifeless, freezing heap of materials, put together in the most clumsy manner, and only calculated to lower the literary character of the nation.—Never did America rise so triumphant as she does to day in the person of the President, Mr. Monroe—calm, dignified, simple, and unaffected—as if to represent the giant greatness of the country of which he is the respected head, in the best and most suitable manner—he goes on with all the solemnity of a statesman; looking down upon the world from an immense elevation, neither to be agitated nor intimidated by the storms that blow beneath.

"America, breathing the air of freedom, exhibits a great people, in the enjoyment of the utmost latitude of thought, and the most unbounded liberty of expression of that thought which the most zealous advocate of human liberty can by possibility wish for. *There* every man may speak his mind of the government he lives under, without the hazard of an ex officio information. There, *the greater* the truth told by the political writer, *the greater* his justification, and the more certain his triumph. *There*, the executive *can* do wrong, and can be assailed with impunity by the press, when the wrong is committed.—*There* the public is protected by a press which can only be silenced by *removing* the evil complained of. *There* truth and falsehood find their proper level—the calumniator who makes charges he is unable to support, is abandoned by public opinion—What! Mr. Attorney general, can this be the fact, and still, no insurrections, no violations of the public peace—no treason—no danger to the order of things established by law—no disaffection—an everlasting peace produced by the *very means* which our sages assert could only produce everlasting discontent; yet, most true it is, that the extreme liberty of the press in America prevents those evils which *a restricted* press in England invariably produces. In England, the people and their friends are abused in the most insulting and exasperating terms, and the press which defends that people is subject to the rod of the attorney general, because it merely repels the blow, and throws back on power the language which is used against the people. What is the consequence? That the public heart has no ventilator—it experiences no relief—discontent and disaffection follow, and the government and people are arrayed against each other with a relentless and unforgiving animosity. It is this Liberty of the press and Freedom of Thought in America, which insure the responsibility of government. It is *this* which gives to Mr. Monroe's speech the character it possesses of simple, unsophisticated truth—laying before his country, in an honest and ingenious tone, the entire political map, neither concealing nor exaggerating, full of confidence in the strength of the country, as long as he possesses a constitution which calls all its energies, physical and intellectual, into action; but no further. The people of England are pressed down by a load of taxation, which almost deprives the majority of the necessaries of life—either excessive luxury or excessive distress—a meek follower of Christ in the possession of *twenty thousand* per annum, and thousands around him struggling from morning to night to provide for the day that is passing over them and their children—millions raised by taxes on the most valuable portion of the community to pay placemen or pensioners, either for services which *never* were rendered, or for the daily prostitution of their conscientious opinions—a set of ministers distinguished for their determination to multiply their dependants by the perpetual creation of new places and new sinecures—economy laughed at—a standing army considered a *sine qua non*, without which the nation could not be governed—a magistracy armed at all points to interrupt the right of petition, and by one species of manœuvre or other to extinguish the public spirit. Such is the picture which England has offered to the observation of America; and yet, if the principles of the British Constitution were honestly acted upon, if the spirit as well as the forms of that Constitution were preserved, we doubt if the Americans could display greater sincerity of allegiance than Englishmen are inclined to yield to the faithful and honest administrators of the Constitution, as Blackstone and De Lolme have described it.

The general spirit of Mr. Monroe's message is kind and conciliatory; it candidly admits the great commercial distress under which America, in common with the European world, has suffered: and it draws from that distress a wholesome and instructive lesson on the necessity and expediency of economy. It displays a warm anxiety for the most pacific intercourse with the nations of Europe, and manifests an honorable sympathy with the fate and fortunes of South America. It appears from Mr. Monroe, that nothing is left undone by the United States to effect, by a cooperation with European powers, the complete establishment of South American freedom. No doubt, any other conduct would be disgraceful and inglorious. But the most distinguishing feature in this very interesting message of Mr. Monroe, is the rapid reduction of the national debt. While the nations of Europe are borrowing money to build their palaces, and pay their armies, the American statesmen are paying off their national debt, reducing their establishments and practising economy in every department. Why this difference between the two countries?—Because, in America, the Government and Legislature are the representatives of the people—in England, the Legislature are the representatives of the ministers and their friends. In America, if the public interests were sacrificed to a part, and that a small part of the nation, the authors would, as Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, said, be taken *by the shoulders and turned out.* But in England, things are so managed that all the *forms* of liberty are prescribed, and all its *essentials* are sacrificed—and until the people obtain such a weight in the Legislature as Reform would effect, it is quite idle to suppose that those who profit by the plunder will be the first to relinquish the mode of obtaining it. There never was a King so easily made popular and powerful as the present King of England: Those who know him best, assert, that in the private intercourse of the table, there is no warmer advocate of the principles of the Constitution; and that the circumstances alone in which he is unfortunately placed, induce him to continue those men in power who have struggled so hard to rob their master of the affections of his subjects—There is an internal cabinet which sways every thing—moves all the puppets who play their parts before us, and exercise a pernicious control over the feelings and councils of the King, which war with his own nature and contravene his own inclinations. To see a King *so circumstanced* must be a subject of sorrow to every reflecting mind in the empire—but to America how does it appear? The picture we will not now attempt to draw.

## SCIENTIFIC.

A Dictionary of Chemistry, on the Basis of Mr. Nicholson's, in which the principles of the Science are investigated anew, and its applications to the Phenomena of Nature, Medicine, Mineralogy, Agriculture and Manufactures, detailed, by Andrew Ure, M. D. Professor of the Andersonian Institution, Member of the Geological Society, &c.

We hasten to give some account of a work calculated to excite great interest in the chemical world. Its author has been long known as a brilliant and successful public teacher of the science; and peculiarly conversant in its useful applications. His various membirs printed in the Transactions of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, as well as to the scientific journals, display much ingenuity joined to research; and his Tables on Heat, and the Acids, are now adopted as the standard authorities on their respective subjects.

We learn from the Introduction to this Dictionary, that in the month of June last, he was engaged by a London publisher to revise Nicholson's octavo Dictionary for a new edition; but he has not restricted himself to the single and easy functions of an editor. Dr. Ure has, in fact, re-written three fourths of the work; and has gratuitously inserted many profound dissertations on the most important and intricate departments of chemistry. The investigations of facts are conducted with candor, acuteness, and logical precision; and the language is perspicuous and elegant. Statements which other writers spread over a page, are communicated by Dr. Ure with perfect clearness in a sentence or two. The volume consists of about 800 pages, in double columns, equivalent to nearly three ordinary octavo volumes. We have no hesitation in affirming, that it contains greater power of original research, than any body of chemical knowledge which has appeared since the Elements of Sir H. Davy. That it was all composed within a period of five months, as the author states in the Introduction, is evident from the references interspersed through it; and gives us a favourable idea of his intellectual resources.—*Tilloch's Mag.*

### AN EPITAPH.

From the Halcyon Luminary.

The following epitaph was inscribed on the tomb-stone of two sisters, twins at birth, companions in youth, partners in death, and tenants of the same grave.

Fair marble, tell to future days,
That here two virgin sisters lie,
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise,
Whose death draw tears from every eye.

In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
Together as they grew, they shone
So much alike, so much the same,
Death quite mistook them both for one.

### ON AN IDLER.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands—
As useless when it goes as when it stands.

BOSTON.
FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 20, 1821.

## A DEED WITHOUT A NAME.

A communication appeared in our last paper, purporting that a person confined on the prison limits for a debt, which he was unable to pay, had solicited of his creditor the indulgence of visiting his dying wife for a short time, and was refused. We knew nothing at that time of the facts, but published the communication on the responsibility of the writer alone. We have since made enquiries, and find that the following may be relied on as substantially correct.

A mechanic at the south part of the town, formerly in extensive trade, as was supposed, in profitable business, had become reduced to a state of insolvency. He was sued for a debt of about one hundred dollars, to which the fees of lawyers, justices and constables have added about thirty more; and, destitute of other means of paying, he was imprisoned, according to custom, to pay by taking the debtor's oath at the end of thirty days. He left at home, if home it could be called, a *wife*, worn out by the fatigues of manual labour and the more wasting labour of the mind, and *nine children*, all but *two* of whom were daughters. From this interesting group, made infinitely more interesting to the heart of a husband and a father by the delicate and peculiar circumstances of his wife, he was compelled to separate. No arguments could persuade the creditor to change his purpose—no prayers could move the soul of him who lives only to keep his dollars breeding and to plague and torment those who are so unfortunate as to be numbered among his acquaintance. The scene which followed in the family of the wretched debtor, none but a mother can feel, and not even a mother can describe. An awful and interesting period approached, when the tender and soothing attentions of conjugal affection are required to alleviate the mental agonies which may equal if not transcend the corporeal sufferings of nature. What human being could keep a husband from a wife at such a moment of uncertainty, apprehension and distress? A beast "that wants discourse of reason" would not be so unfeeling. Yet this creditor could do it—he *did* do it. Two friends of the debtor interfered—they asked his liberation for *four days*—they promised to return him to his prison at the end of that time, or to pay his debt. They were fair, honorable, responsible men. Yet the creditor would not listen. He would feed his revenge by keeping his victim in prison. The unhappy wife was delivered of an infant, which Heaven in its mercy did not permit to open its eyes on the light of this world; it was born a lifeless pledge of maternal misery—a martyr to avarice and cruelty: it stopped not on earth, but went up to the bar of the Almighty an accusing spirit, to testify against the oppressor. To complete the catastrophe of this domestic tragedy, the mother died a day or two after, leaving her husband in gaol, her children to the care of strangers, her enemy (may we not say her destroyer?) to the reflexions which a review of his conduct may suggest in his hours of retirement.

Reader!

> Is there not some chosen curse,
> Some hidden lightning in the stores of heaven,
> Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
> Who can thus in mere sport, or, what is worse, to gratify an unrighteous spirit of malice and revenge, trifle with the feelings and the lives of others? This creditor could expect to gain nothing by thus pursuing the man whom law had put in his power. The law, strong and unrelenting as it is, could give him power over his victim's body but the short space of thirty days; and as to payment of the debt, there was no possibility that he could ever realize a cent of it. Nothing, then, but the disposition which actuates devils, could induce him thus to torture with such unfeeling cruelty the last moments of an expiring and a guiltless woman. We can conceive that resentment for the loss of a debt might so far operate on some little minds as to seek its gratification in vengeance on the person of the delinquent; but it was left for this fiend incarnate, this scourge to humanity, to show the world to what a pitch of savage barbarity one of our species may be driven by avarice. But let him not expect to pass unregretted. He may retire to his closet and feast on the sight of his bags of gold—he may say to himself, "I will take my ease, eat, drink, and be merry, for I have goods laid up in store for many years;" but will not the apparition of the undone debtor, the ghost of the still-born infant, and the dying mother, "sit heavy on his soul," and will not conscience poison all his pleasures with remorse for what is past and dreadful forebodings of what is to come? No—for what conscience or what pleasure can he have, who feels nothing but the love of money—who knows nothing but

> The petty tricks of saving—who inspires
> Of endless wealth insatiable desires;
> Hungry himself, his hungry servants cheats
> With scanty measures, and unfaithful weights;
> And sees them lessen, with apparent dread,
> The musty fragments of his mouldy bread.
> In dog-days, when the sun, with fervent power,
> Corrupts the freshest meat from hour to hour,
> He sates the last night's hash, bak'd by a dish
> Of sodden beans, and scraps of summer fish,
> And half a stinking shad, and a few stringe
> Of a whopp'd leek, counted like sacred things,
> And steal'd with caution; though the sight and smell
> Would a starv'd beggar from the mess repel.

Leave him, reader, leave the wretch to himself, for he can have no company more detestable; but, as you pass his door, pray God to plant a thorn in his bosom "to prick and sting him" into remorse and repentance before he shall hear that appalling doom pronounced, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still, and he that is guilty, let him be guilty still."

## MR. CHANNING'S DISCOURSE.

A Discourse has been lately published, delivered by the Rev. Dr. Channing before the university at Cambridge, at the Dudleian Lecture, on the evidences of revealed religion. The justly celebrated character of the author for piety, learning and eloquence, is sufficient to command for every thing that comes from his pen a more than ordinary degree of respect. The late reverend Dr. McKean, professor of rhetoric and oratory at Harvard College, once declared in our hearing that *he did not believe that there had been a preacher since the days of the apostles who could enforce the principles and the practical duties of Christianity with such persuasive eloquence as the reverend William E. Channing.* The remark was made with all the fervidness and warmth of feeling so strikingly characteristic of its author, and may be thought by some to be tinctured with extravagance. But he declared his honest conviction, and there are many others who are of his opinion. In exhibiting to his audience what may be called the general features of christianity—in portraying the loveliness of virtue and the deformity and ugliness of vice—in enforcing the duties of man in all his relations, and in urging him to piety and holiness by presenting before him his motives, his hopes, his fears, and his rewards, with eloquence and effect, Mr. Channing stands on an unapproachable eminence above all his cotemporaries. There can be no disputing that his talent is that which imparts the greatest value to the character of a minister of the gospel; yet it sometimes happens that ministers get entangled in theological controversy, and find it necessary to contend with other weapons than those of mildness, humility and love. Mr. C. is the last man who should enter the lists with polemical combatants. His thoughts and feelings are too amiable, and partake too largely of the spirit of the gospel to give him distinction in the ranks of those who contend for the masterdom in technical and metaphysical divinity. He is not practised in the tactics of such unprofitable warfare; but the treasures from which he is enabled to feed the lambs of his divine master appear to be unlimited and inexhaustible.

These remarks have been suggested by reading the discourse above-mentioned, which does not appear to us to possess the excellence that might have been expected. It is perhaps difficult, after the admirable work of Paley, to say any thing new on the evidences of revealed religion, or to clothe one's arguments and thoughts in a more engaging dress. We should not hesitate, in religious matters, to declare that we *believe as Mr. Channing believes*, but we confess that we should be more wrought upon by his didactic than by his argumentative discourses; and we think that his notice of Hume's argument against miracles, would be far less likely to convert an infidel than his elucidations of the character of Jesus Christ and the effects of his doctrine. One or two passages from this part of his discourse, we shall transcribe, for the perusal of those to whom the whole may not be accessible.

"One striking peculiarity in Jesus is the *extent*, the vastness of his views. Whilst all around him looked for a Messiah to liberate God's ancient people, whilst to every other Jew, Judea was the exclusive object of pride and hope, Jesus came, declaring himself to be the deliverer and light of the *world*, and in his whole teaching and life, you see a consciousness, which never forsakes him, of a relation to the whole human race. This idea of blessing mankind, of spreading a universal religion, was the most magnificent which had ever entered man's mind. All previous religions had been given to particular nations. No conqueror, legislator, philosopher, in the extravagance of ambition, had ever dreamed of subjecting all nations to a common faith.

"This conception of a universal religion, intended alike for Jew and Gentile, for all nations and climes, is wholly inexplicable by the circumstances of Jesus. He was a Jew, and the first and deepest and most constant impression on a Jew's mind, was that of the superiority conferred on his people and himself by the national religion transmitted by Moses. The wall between the Jew and Gentile seemed to reach to heaven. The abolition of the peculiarity of Moses, the prostration of the temple on Mount Sinai, the erection of a new religion, in which all men would meet as brethren, and which would be the common and equal property of Jew and Gentile, these were of all ideas the last to spring up in Jerusalem, the last for enthusiasm or imposture to originate.

"Compare next these views of Christ with his station in life. He was of humble birth and education, with nothing in his lot, with no extensive means, no rank, or wealth, or patronage, to infuse vast thoughts and extravagant plans. The shop of a carpenter, the village of Nazareth, were not spots for ripening a scheme, more aspiring and extensive than had ever been formed. It is a principle of human nature, that except in case of insanity, *some* proportion is observed between the power of an individual and his plans and hopes. The purpose, to which Jesus devoted himself, was as ill suited to his condition as an attempt to change the seasons, or to make the sun rise in the west. That a young man, in obscure life, belonging to an oppressed nation, should seriously think of subverting the time-hallowed and deep-rooted religions of the world, is a strange fact; but with this purpose we see the mind of Jesus thoroughly imbued; and, sublime as it is, he never falls below it in his language or conduct, but speaks and acts with a consciousness of superiority, with a dignity and authority, becoming this unparalleled destination.

* * * * * *

"Next to the character of Christ, *his Religion* might be shown to abound in circumstances which contradict and repel the idea of a human origin. For example, its representations of the paternal character of God; its inculcation of a universal charity; the stress which it lays on inward purity; its substitution of a spiritual worship for the forms and ceremonies, which every where had usurped the name and extinguished the life of religion; its preference of humility, and of the mild, unostentatious, passive virtues, to the dazzling qualities which had monopolized men's admiration; its consistent and bright discoveries of immortality; its adaptation to the wants of man as a sinner; its adaptation to all the conditions, capacities, and sufferings of human nature; its pure, sublime, yet practical morality; its high and generous motives; and its fitness to form a character, which plainly prepares for a higher life than the present; these are peculiarities of Christianity, which will strike us more and more, in proportion as we understand distinctly the circumstances of the age and country in which this religion appeared, and for which no adequate human cause has been or can be assigned.

"Passing over these topics, each of which might be enlarged into a discourse, I will make but one remark on this religion, which strikes my own mind very forcibly. Since its introduction, human nature has made great progress, and society experienced great changes; and in this advanced condition of the world, Christianity, instead of losing its application and importance, is found to be more and more congenial and adapted to man's nature and wants. It has outgrown the other institutions of that period when Christianity appeared, its philosophy, its modes of warfare, its policy, its public and private economy; but Christianity has never shrunk as intellect has opened, but has always kept in advance of men's faculties, and unfolded nobler views in proportion as they have ascended. The highest powers and affections, which our nature has developed, find more than adequate objects in this religion. Christianity is indeed peculiarly fitted to the more improved stages of society, to the more delicate sensibilities of refined minds, and especially to that dissatisfaction with the present state, which always grows with the growth of our moral powers and affections. As men advance in civilization, they become susceptible of mental sufferings, to which ruder ages are strangers; and these Christianity is fitted to assuage. Imagination and intellect become more restless; and Christianity brings them tranquillity by the eternal and magnificent truths, the solemn and unbounded prospects which it unfolds. This fitness of our religion to more advanced stages of society than that in which it was introduced, to wants of human nature not then developed, seems to me very striking. The religion bears the marks of having come from a being who perfectly understood the human mind, and had power to provide for its progress. This feature of Christianity is of the nature of prophecy. It was an anticipation of future and distant ages; and when we consider among whom our religion sprung, where, but in God, can we find an explanation of this peculiarity?

* * * * *

"There is another evidence of Christianity, still more internal than any on which I have yet dwelt, an evidence to be *felt* rather than understood, but not less real, because founded in feeling. I refer to that conviction of the divine original of our religion, which springs and grows strongly, in those who yield themselves habitually to their tempers and lives, to its spirit and hopes. In such persons a consciousness of the adaptation of the gospel to their highest faculties, a consoling confidence in the truth and consoling influence of the great happiness [illegible] that power, which the world cannot give, which cannot take away, that sort of evidence which, but a ray from the [illegible] a spring from the fountain of Wisdom and Love. This is the evidence which carries the faith of thousands, who never read and cannot understand the learned books of christian apologists, who want, perhaps, words to explain the ground of their belief, but whose faith is of adamantine firmness, who hold the gospel with a conviction more intimate and unwavering, than ever argument ever produced."

## FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

Upwards of 200 gentlemen of New-York have subscribed to an agreement disapproving of the custom which has so long prevailed of giving wine and scarfs at funerals, and they promise to discountenance and abolish it in case of death in their own families, and in all others where their influence extends. Remarking on this agreement, in the National Gazette, Mr. Walsh thinks there are other, and more absurd customs which might be abolished with more facility. We believe that the practice of offering wine to the company at funerals is now of very rare occurrence in Boston, if not entirely abolished. With respect to the other piece of foolery, that of giving a scarf to the clergyman who should make a prayer at the funeral, we believe it never was in fashion here. Until we saw a paragraph on the subject in some southern paper about a year since, we were ignorant that such a custom had ever prevailed in any place.

The Rev. C. Lowell, in a sermon preached at his church on the 31st Dec. last, says (speaking of one of his predecessors, Dr. Mayhew,) that "Dr. Chauncey prayed at his funeral, and, as I am informed, it was the first prayer made at a funeral in this town, perhaps in this country. Our fathers discouraged every approach to the Roman Catholic practice of praying for the dead." In a note to the same discourse the author says, "The first sermon at a funeral in this town, was at the interment of Dr. Cooper. The funeral took place on Friday, the usual sacramental lecture was held in Brattle-street, and Dr. Clarke, the [illegible] pastor of the church connected with Brattle-street church, in this exercise, preached on the occasion. The body was carried into the church."

## BONAPARTE.

The illustrious personage, who once filled the throne of France during one of the proudest periods of its history, and who was either respected as the protector or dreaded as the destined destroyer of every monarchial head in Europe, is now seldom mentioned except in speech or ridicule. Cooped up in the little island of St. Helena, followed by the [illegible] eyes of British [illegible] from the prominent [illegible] of his drama and scullions of his kitchen, and cut off from all intercourse with the rest of the world, how is it possible he can be otherwise than as he is represented by the letters and reports of his gaolers—ill-humored, peevish and unhappy? The last accounts from this island, are contained in the following letter, which we find in a late London paper.

"Bonaparte's new house is finished, but not yet furnished. It is one story high, and is situated about two hundred yards from the old building, and forms three sides of an oblong square. The right wing contains the apartments destined for General Montholon, the Surgeon, and the two Priests; the centre and part of the left are allotted to Bonaparte, and the Orderly Officer. These for Bonaparte consist of a library, drawing room, dining room, breakfast parlour, bed chamber, bath, and dressing room, with a water closet; Montholon has four rooms. The whole are neatly fitted up in such a style as you see in the country house of an English Gentleman of 2000*l.* a year. The gutters are intended for the servants, and are awkward and inconvenient, as the slope of the roof prevents one from standing upright, except in the centre of the rooms. Independent of this, the heat caused by the rays of a vertical sun beaming on the slates, in the hot season, will render them uninhabitable as the hot roofs at St. Mark's, at Venice. The disproportion of the accommodation for the Orderly officer and the two Priests and Physician appears extraordinary, the former having precisely the same number of rooms as the three latter. The court yard contains a tank of muddy water. The kitchen is a separate building, erected at the end of the square, and contains every requisite accommodation.

"Bonaparte rode out some time ago to Sir William Doveton's, in Sandy Bay, to breakfast, taking with him a sumpter mule, laden with provisions, and ate his meal on the grass near Sir William's house. This was nearly the first time he was on horseback for four years, and he was so fatigued that he was obliged to send for the carriage to convey him home—so says the report, for appearances very unhappy. The governor will have no communication with Bonaparte, and Bonaparte will not receive any, except through him. This system of vexation is said to annoy him exceedingly, and, combined with the other measures adopted towards him and his followers, tends to keep his mind in a state of continual irritation. When any friends belonging to the establishment of Longwood choose to visit Jamestown, he must be attended by an officer, if the prisoner himself is ill, any rank; and when the Generals who are employed as menial servants about his household, must be attended by a person, called a Steward. In both cases, the attendants are ordered to overhear all conversation that may pass between them and their companions or others."

A correspondent, having read in the Daily Advertiser of last Saturday, the testimony of Dr. Jeffries, relating to a murder, began to enquire, what was intended by the expression, "the blood appeared to have been wiped off the ox." If any remains of blood were upon the ox, could not the doctor have said so? If not, how did he know that blood had been wiped off? We should like to know what appearances the appearance which might indicate that blood had been upon it.

It were to be wished, that witnesses in general, and more especially those of the faculty would be a little more attentive to the [illegible] ology which they make use of when [illegible] oath.

R.

SOLEMN REVIEW.
NO. VI.
TO A REVEREND GREENHORN.

1.

Hail "reverend" parson! know, my lazy muse,
That oft, in former days, to deftly rung,
Hath not the heart, in these times, to refuse
A lay to thee, O worthiest priest, among
Those worthy priests, who Orthodoxy's horn
So lustrously blow, week-week, and night, and morn.

2.

Thrice was a siege—Heaven rend the time again—
When Faith had champions zealous for the fight;
When reverend sleeves shook'd the cushion not in vain,
And Calvin thundered papal spite;
When disputes and Bojick shew'd their force,
And godly fair papers, in generous Dr. Moose.

3.

Now distant far is direction;—RE is far
Who pitch'd, so bravely, battle with a woman;
Concord grieves quiet, reddeth him from war,
Wages, for a trifle, with antient scarcely human.
The church hath peace, nor feareth dire alarms;
Safe, save the "Reverend James," no ghostly knight's in arms.

4.

Elate with pride, and cas'd with mortal works,
Beneath the wrath of Heav'n poor Boston lay;
Planning hell-fateful lusts, with murky quirks
Of liberal love—for sufferers far away;
And whilst she felt for others' woes and needs,
(O horrid!) deem'd that God was pleas'd with gen'rous deeds!

5.

Thou stopest hither;—the destroying flame
Hath laid the vineyard of thy labours low—
But did thou wantedst honour, cash, or fame,
Or high post, thou never covetedst—O no.
Impute thou earnest—for, no doubt, the Lord
Thou spake—Go, greenie, preach—to heretics, the word!

6.

Well hast thou minded the divine command!
Most truthful parson! thou hast acted well;
And yet 'tis hard that folks at Newfoundland,
Losing thy sermons, all must gang to hell!
But what are they, or few, or poor? what they?
Rejections, though so vile, still make a shift—to pay.

7.

As out of Sodom bright'd the holy Lot,
With his chaste daughters and his heedless wife;
Leaving the Sodomites to go—to pot,
Right glad the patriarch to save his life;—
So out of Boston, most Reverend! didst thou make track,
And in thy sanctified deck, didst hadst to look back.

8.

Anthem impugn us—dampers that we are!
What learned sermons dost thou deign to preach!
Blessing our righteous trades, and levying war
Against Dalhousie, who hills doctrines teach;
And promise for the fat stipel dominations,
Thou, for all deserts, who we shall "go"—damnations.

9.

O, "reverend" parson! "reverend" person, O!
Words insufficient are to speak thy praise!
Millions of mem'ries, in addition vie,
Shall oft remember thee, and also the days
When, from the spire in Essex-Street, did swell
The notes of thy most sweet and orthodox church bell!

10.

Long from thy desk they sermons hot be heard,
While circulation boxes glide around;
There spay the founders of a "preached word,"
Shavers of notes and guilties dames astound;
And may thy elected few still grow in grace,
The Common Sense her nose turn up at priest and place.

11.

Bostonian revivals—may they spread,
From Newfoundland to farthest Hindu shores,
Till the dull beam (each opposition dead)
The Christians all have BRASS-PLATES on their doors;
Which plates, adorned, neat shall look, and shine,
Like the Christian Reverend's—most grease genuine."

CAPE COD BARD.

THE THEATRE.

Mr. Porter,

The theatrical season having nearly closed, and what are called "the benefits" having commenced, we have a few remarks to offer upon the principle of individual actors.

[illegible] is the practice in most other cities, that those performers, who possess the greatest share of talent, and who by assiduity, industry, and attention to duty, have endeared themselves to the lovers of publick entertainment, it most certainly and most justly is, that the fashionable and the [illegible] by their patronage and their liberality, should be exempted from cavil, blue devils, and all the dreadful train of ills which follow illnesses, dissipation, indigence, and scarcity of mind, should, both [illegible] and from gratitude, come forward on these occasions, to succor to such, by their countenance and their example, an actual and a liberal reward for their merits and exertions.

It has been observed, and we believe with truth, that the rich and fashionable of the town are the most backward in patronising the most deserving performers. It is the poorer and the middling classes who attend the regular theatre. It is true, that whenever new performers, with letters of introduction to certain characters, honour us with a few nights performance, their benefits, whether they possess any eminent merits as actors or as individuals, or not, are certain to be visibly attended. But when any, who have [illegible] our boards from year to year, with honour to themselves and pleasure to their auditors, and who, in a different style of character, have been an example of propriety and correct demeanour, of industry and domestick virtue, presents himself as a candidate for public patronage;—who is there among the rich and the fashionable (so called), that honours the ticket book with his name, or the theatre with his presence? Not one. The boxes are filled, so far as they are filled, with people of a different class;—with people, possessed indeed of less money, and less ability to afford the expense; but with more public spirit, and with infinitely more sensibility to the calls of justice and of generosity.

Mrs. Duff, it is true, with the aid of occasional representations of her merits and deserts, received a handsome patronage. It was pleasing to see one, who deserved so much, and who had so long and so unjustly been kept in the shade, brought into the foreground, even though disadvantageously placed in the strong light. And it was gratifying to find that she had bought "golden opinions" of men, as well as their good words and good wishes. But when Mrs. Drummond, a lady, whose constant correctness in her parts, whose attention to costume and the business of the stage, and whose rapid improvement in her profession as an actress, within the last year, has delighted and astonished the judicious frequenters of the theatre,—when she lately took a benefit (as the phrase is) the house exhibited a woful but convincing proof, how ineffectual are the most sedulous and unremitting exertions to secure the meed of publick favour. Her merits as a performer have not been noticed or applauded during the season as they deserved;—and she has still been more unjustly recompensed, in the neglect manifested by the publick on the night of her benefit.

Mr. Bray has announced his benefit for next Monday evening. If any performer, wandering or stationary, among those who have trod our boards this winter, deserves a noble and liberal expression of publick good will,—it is Mr. Bray. Possessed of talents of the very first order, in his line of acting, which are not the less excellent because they have long been familiar to us;—resident in the town so many years, as to have become assimilated to us, almost like a native citizen;—of most unimpeachable character in private life, industrious, conciliating, and unassuming; an excellent musical composer as well as comedian, and a very active, scientific, and useful member of a society devoted, with great expense of time and labour, to the cultivation of sacred music, and which has been of most important benefit to the town and the state, in refining, refining, and correcting, the taste of the publick in psalmody, and the decent and solemn performance of the musical part of the services of publick worship; with all these [illegible] of the community, it might be expected, that this call upon them were superfluous; that no importunity, addressed to their good feelings and their sense of justice, would be necessary, in order to insure him a full and fashionable house. We wish this were the case;—but other seasons have convinced us, that these weighty considerations have not had their expected effect. Those individuals and families, who ought to be the first and most forward in patronizing Mr. Bray, are precisely those, who have most neglected his interest. We hope that this year will exhibit a different scene and that those, whose more peculiar duty it is, from their ability and high rank in society, will employ that ability and influence, in directing public patronage upon those who most deserve it; and that the curtain, on Monday night, will rise to as numerous, as brilliant, and as fashionable an audience, as the pit and boxes have exhibited at any time during the present season.

S. P. Q.

THE LEGISLATURE of Massachusetts convened in this town on Tuesday last. The object of this special session is the trial of Judge Prescott, of Middlesex county, on the charge of illegal practice as judge of probate. We believe that no similar trial has taken place in Massachusetts for forty years.

WOODWORTH'S LITERARY CASKET, published at New-York, has been received. It contains a variety of amusing matter, original and selected, and is decorated with a copperplate frontispiece, the design taken from the COLUMBIAD. The editor we believe to be industrious, capable, and deserving, and we hope will meet with a reward correspondent to his merits.

BOSTON DEBATING SOCIETY.

The next meeting of the Debating Society will be at the Hall in Pond-Street, on Thursday Evening next, at 7 o'clock. Questions for debate, (postponed from last meeting,) viz.

*Does religion require the support of civil authority?*

*Ought emigration to the United States to be encouraged?*

On Monday evening last, a meeting was set in from the N. E. and continued until Tuesday night—suspended, during the latter part of the storm, with the winds, varying but little from the above point. The fall of snow has been very considerable; and by all accounts, is considered the greatest which has been known within the last forty years.—*Boston Gazette.*

## Masonic Calendar.

COMMUNICATIONS ABOVE MONTH.

St. John's Lodge, Newburyport, Monday Evening.
Corner Stone, Duxbury, do.
Massachusetts, Boston, Tuesday.
Boston Council R. M. Tuesday.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We shall not enter into a controversy with an anonymous correspondent, who declares himself "dissatisfied that the article he sent did not appear," and subscribes the "stench assigned for its suppression as a weak one," either to defend our own reputation, or that of "A. Shaver & Co." In truth, we neither gave a reason for the suppression of his article nor had we determined to suppress it, but had marked it for insertion this week. For all the popularity our paper has gained from his former communications we are grateful. If he is resolved to withhold future contributions, we shall endeavor to draw comfort from resignation to his will. One thing more we would say; when communications are sent us through the Post-Office, they become our property, subject to our control, and we shall not be bullied out of our humor, as to the disposition of them. One other thing we would say to this lusty gentleman—If he chooses to make himself known to us, we promise to publish the article in question; if he does not we shall do with it as we please.

"Genevie" shall appear next week.

A considerable part of our outer form is occupied with a review of the new pages of "Sukey," and another article, for which room has been reserved, which is unavoidably postponed till next week. It will be observed that these reviews are the productions of correspondents, and that, of course, the editor is not in any way responsible for what they contain.


KELLEY & HUDSON,

No. 5, STATE-STREET,

HAVE received by the late arrivals a complete assortment of LONDON GOODS, suitable for the present and approaching season, consisting of

CLOTHS and CASSIMERES, of superior quality, and most fashionable colors;
Figured and plain black Silk VESTINGS;
Do. do. Valencia do.
Do. do. Marseilles do.
ASCENSION CORDS, for Gentlemen's Pantaloons—a new article, particularly calculated for the summer months;
RUSSIAN BELTS, with and without springs, kept constantly on hand.

Also, just received, a few pieces of
FRENCH BLACK & BLUE CLOTHS,
of a better quality than has been imported into this town for years.

April 20.

*Clover, Carrot, and Ruta Baga Seed.*

DANIEL L. GIBBENS offers for sale, at No. 42, Marlboro' Street,
500 lbs. NORTHERN CLOVER SEED;
150 lbs. ORANGE and LEMON CARROT;
50 lbs. SILVER-SKIN ONION;
50 lbs. RUTA BAGA, or SWEDISH TURNIP;
Together with a general assortment of
GARDEN SEEDS, PEAS, AND BEANS,
all at very reduced prices.

☞ D. L. GIBBENS has also on hand an assortment of
W. I. GOODS & GROCERIES,
which he warrants of the best quality, and at a very moderate advance from the cost.

April 20.

PAPER-HANGINGS AND SHEETINGS.

JOHN FOX, No. 12, Market-Row, (up stairs), has received by the Triton, a fresh assortment of extra fine 4-4 IRISH LINENS, 5-4 and 6-4 Fine SHEETINGS, and 8-4 DIAPERS.

Also—A few pieces fine Scotch Long CLOTHS.

April 13.

ENGLISH SCHOOL.

MR. G. F. THAYER continues his school for Lads, in the room over No. 5, Province House Row, where he teaches all the fundamental and most useful branches of English education. His spring quarter is now commencing and he can receive several more pupils.

His intermediate school, for Writing and Arithmetick, continues as usual—at which a few more can be admitted.

*** Boys intended for the public Classical School fitted with expedition. Apply at the school room. Entrance through the arch, on the right hand.

April 13.

*Fine Teeth and Beautiful Hair,*

ARE of the greatest importance to either sex:—The possession of them often depends on ourselves: it is not unusual to observe ladies and gentlemen, even in their minority, who by sickness or neglect, have lost both *Hair* and *Teeth*. Those who value requisites so essential to form a beautiful or even agreeable person, are recommended to use the following INVALUABLE Preparations, invented and made solely by *A. ROWLAND & SON, Hatton Garden, London.*

MACASSAR OIL,

Which nourishes the HAIR, by continually moistening the roots, prevents it from turning grey, or falling off, in cases of sickness, scrouchment, intense study, &c. It strengthens the weakest hair, and renders it thick and long on bald places. On children's hair its effects are wonderful; it eradicates the dandriff, cleanses, and at the same time ornaments the growth, and generally produces a *beautiful head of hair.*

ALSANA EXTRACT, OR THE ABYSSINIAN BOTANICAL SPECIFIC for preserving, strengthening and beautifying the TEETH and GUMS, and for relieving the most violent Tooth-Ache. It eradicates the tartar that gathers round the teeth, removes decayed spots, prevents the teeth from being discolored, renders the gums firm round the teeth, and prevents future decay. It speedily remedies those ravages which children sustain in their teeth, owing to frequent and improper use of sweet and acid articles, which imperceptibly destroy the teeth at an early period of life.—This invaluable Specific is recommended by the most eminent physicians, and patronised by the principal nobility and gentry of the United Kingdom; also by their excellencies the DUKE DEL INFANTADO and the DUKE OF SAN CARLOS.

The above for sale, by *wholesale* or *retail*, by the Proprietors' Sole Agent, at the

*Magic Saloon & Variety Store,*
*No. 34, Market-Street, Up Stairs.*

Entrance second door below Franklin Avenue, Where purchasers may rely on receiving the genuine.

☞ CAUTION.—A spurious article, called *Macassar Oil*, is made and vended in Boston.

April 20.

*Miss Turner's Spring School,*

FOR the reception of Pupils will be open on SATURDAY AFTERNOON, the 7th of April, at the usual room, over Mr. Cotton's Book Store, No. 47, Marlborough-street, to commence at three o'clock. Those parents who may please to honour Miss Turner with their patronage, may be assured that every exertion will be made to perfect them in the art. March 30.


# THEATRE.

## Mr. BRAY'S Benefit.

ON MONDAY EVENING, April 23, will be presented the celebrated comedy in 5 acts, called

THE HEIR AT LAW.

| | |
|---|---|
| Dr. Pangloss, | Mr. Bowen. |
| Zekiel Homespun, | Mr. Bray. |
| Lord Duberly, | Mr. Perkins. |
| Dick Dowlas, | Mr. Duff. |
| Henry Moreland, | Mr. Bruder. |
| Steadfast, | Mr. Charnock. |
| Kenrick, | Mr. Dykes. |
| Caroline Dormer, | Mrs. Drummond. |
| Cicely Homespun, | Mrs. Brown. |
| Lady Duberly, | Mrs. Barnes. |
| *The Original Epilogue,* | *By the Characters.* |

To which will be added a new Musical Entertainment in two acts, (never performed here) called

SHARP AND FLAT,

*OR, THE NATURAL OUTWITTED.*

The original music composed by Bray, the overtures accompaniments &c. by Mr. Bray.

Sir Peter Probable, Mr. Dyke[illegible] Hopkins—Solomon Sharpsit, Bray—[illegible] Charnock—Footman, Bowen—[illegible] Hammond—Jenny, Mrs. Brown.

To conclude with a Comic Pantomime, called

THE SEA SERPENT,

*OR, HARLEQUIN OF GLOUCESTER.*

During the Pantomime will be exhibited a moving panorama, painted by Mr. Worrall for the occasion, representing the

*TOWN AND HARBOR OF GLOUCESTER.*

With a variety of classic scenes, boats, dancing, &c.

☞ MR. DUFF respectfully informs his friends that his Benefit will be on FRIDAY Evening next, the 27th inst.


☞ Positively the Last Week! ☜

A SPECIAL DAY EXHIBITION next Thursday, the 26th of April, to commence precisely at 12 o'clock.

The many families who live out of town and expressed a desire for a Day Exhibition, are most respectfully informed, that they can be accommodated *NEXT THURSDAY*, and that *NEXT FRIDAY* Night, the 27th inst. will positively be the *Last Representation of the Androides in Boston*, as Mr. Maddock's intended visit to Philadelphia obliges him to quit town with all convenient speed.

The Evening Exhibition commences at half past 7 o'clock, as usual.

April 20.

FRENCH GOODS,

RECEIVED BY THE GALAXY FROM HAVRE.

BEST Double chain Black, White, Green, Light Blue, and Pearl-coloured Levantines;
White and Straw-coloured Florentines;
Rich Garniture Ribbons;
Colored and Black Taffeta Ribbons, Nos. 1 to 12;
Black and White Silk Hose;
Best quality Black, White and Green Crapes;
Black Florentine Vestings;
Pelong Satins for Hatters;
Plain and Stamped Tulle Lace;
Colored and Black Silk Beads;
Linen Cambrick, and Linen Cambrick Handkerchiefs, with white and purple borders;
Black and White Silk Gloves;
Black Marino and Mantua Crapes;
Marino Long Shawls;
Double chain Black Galloons;
Imitation Marino Shawls and Handkerchiefs;
Black, White and Colored Kid Gloves;
Castor Gloves for Gentlemen's summer wear;
3-4 Black Bombasines;
Black and Colored Prunella;
Plain Green Gauze; Willow Sheets;
Figured Bonnet Silks, &c. &c. For sale by
LANE & LAMSON,
*No. 5, Cornhill Square.*

April 20.

FRESH IMPORTED GOODS.

JAMES READ & CO. No. 11, Market-Street, are now opening, received by the recent arrivals from Europe, a general assortment of DRY GOODS, adapted to the Season, among which are the following articles:

SCOTCH MUSLINS, such as 4-4 and 6-4 Sacharilla, plain and figured Book;
Pearl, Piquet, plain and figured Lenn,
Shear Lawns, and a great variety of figured fancy,
Imitation Cambricks, and Cambric Handkerchiefs,
Coloured, checked and figured Handkerchiefs,
Blue Bandannas, and Cotton Flag do.
3-4, 4-4 and 6-4 white Cotton Cambrics,
Cambric Muslins—Cotton Shirtings,
3-4 and 4-4 Cambric and common light and dark CALICOES,
Dimities—superior Cotton Balls in boxes,
Cassimere Shawls—Drab Kerseys,
Superfine and coarse Broad Cloths,
Ladies super HABIT CLOTHS of fashionable Mixtures and blues—English Silk Gloves,
Black and coloured Bombasets,
Drab and Black twilled do.
Red, white and yellow Flannels,
6-4 Super White do.
Pearl and bone SHIRT BUTTONS,
London Gilt Coat and Vest do. of the first qualities,
Silk Coat do.—Brace do.—Bone Moulds,
Horn do.—Gilt Maltese and Fancy do.
6-4 Gingham—8-4 Chints Shawls,
Brown and White Linens,
Cotton Hosiery—Nett Braces, &c. For sale by the Package or Piece.

April 20.

PARIS PERFUMERY, &c.

JOHN ASHTON & CO. No. 3, Cornhill, have received by the brig Galaxy, one case, containing a well selected assortment of fresh Paris Perfumery, viz. Large and small bottles of best double distilled AMBER LAVENDER; Spirit do.; Rigg's Extract of ROSES; Superfine HAIR-POWDER; OTTO of Roses; OIL antique; Pots fine POMATUM; Cold CREAM; MILK of Roses; HONEY WATER; Aromatic VINEGAR; Nail Brushes; Waved silk and cotton GARTERS; Gentlemen's fine Scotch SUSPENDERS.

ALSO, FROM LONDON FACTORY,

30 Casks Day & Martin's Real Japan BLACKING,

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April 20.

## LYRA BOREALIS.

### THE OLD MAID'S PRAYER TO DIANA.

ATTRIBUTED TO LADY ELEANOR BUTLER, *One of the Ladies of Llangollyn.*

Since thou and the stars, my dear Goddess, decree
That old maid as I am, an old maid I must be,
Oh! hear the petition I offer to thee;
For to bear it must be my endeavour.

From the grief of my friendships all dropping around,
Till not one that I loved in my youth can be found;
From the legacy-hunters that near us abound,
Diana, thy servant deliver!

From the scorn of the young, and the flouts of the gay,
From all the trite ridicule rattled away
By the pert ones who know nothing wiser to say—
Oh! spirit to laugh at them, give her.

From sighing at fancied neglected desert,
Or vain of a civil speech, bridling alert,
From farical niceness, or slatternly dirt,
Diana, thy servant deliver!

From over solicitous guarding of self,
From humour uncheck'd, that most obstinate elf,
From every unsocial attention to self,
Or ridiculous whim whatsoever—

From the vapourish freaks, or Methodistical airs,
Apt to sprout in a brain that's exempted from cares,
From impertinent meddling in other's affairs,
Diana, thy servant deliver!

From the erring attachment of desolate souls,
From the love of Spadille, or of Matador boles,
Or of lap-dogs, or parrots, and monkeys, and owls,
Be they ne'er so uncommon or clever;

But chief from the love with all loveliness flown,
Which makes the dim eye condescend to look down
On some ape of a fop, or some owl of a clown,
Oh! Diana, thy servant deliver.

From spleen at beholding the young more caress'd,
From selfish asperity tartly express'd,
From scandal, detraction, and every such pest,
From all, thy true servant deliver!

Nor let satisfaction depart from her lot,
Let her sing if at ease, and be patient if not,
Be pleas'd if remembered, content if forgot,
Till the Fates her slight thread shall dissever!

## REVIEW.

For the New-England Galaxy.

SUKEY,

A POEM, pp. 71. *Boston*, 1821.

Perhaps it is extremely unfortunate for us that, as we have not the ability to comprehend, so neither have we the capacity to do justice to the merits of this production. We have read it "patiently" and "frequently;" nay, we have perused and repeused the whole matter,—from the very elaborate and philosophical "preface" with which it begins,—to the still more voluminous and elaborate notes with which it concludes—embodying in the work one hundred and seventy one stanzas under the imposing title above,—and we honestly confess that whether it be prose or poetry—whether it partake of "philosophy," "morality" or "manners"—whether it be an "association of ideas," or of words merely—whether it be rhyme or reason—sense, or sensibility—it is so much beyond our limited faculties to conceive, or our dull understanding to appreciate, that we willingly leave the point to be settled by other and abler hands. With all this, we confess ourselves highly prepossessed in favour of the author. He is not unknown to us by name, nor by the very considerable reputation he has acquired from several fugitive compositions already before the public. They reflect much credit upon him, and making the usual allowances for youth and inexperience, give earnest of happier things. In truth we are not quite sure but that the ends and objects of our poet have *already* been satisfactorily answered. If we believe him sincere and ingenuous in his introduction, he "aims at something higher and better than mere amusement;" he "hath wished to do something in an uncommon way." Now, who that reads his poem, can doubt the consummation of his wishes? Who that has his wits about him can deny or dispute that he "hath done something in an uncommon way." In this respect certainly no author could be happier; ransack the entire combination of poetry from Homer down to the present novel period of literature, and we challenge a parallel to the "uncommon way" which is definitively marked out and pursued in the poem before us.

The first example we have of an "uncommon way," is in the very commencement of our author's book. This it will be acknowledged is sufficient to demonstrate that he was all alive to his original design; and out he pops forth with the following precious examples—

"*I am one of those melancholy men,*
Who sometimes like to strike a harp of sadness,
And joy to hear its chime, though it may *pain*,
Like *lovesick maidens' songs which breathe of madness;*
And why?—I shall not give myself the time,
*To tell*, but straight this wayward tale in rhyme,
Unfold as you may wish; but you *must know*,
This *rhyming spirit business* of the brain,
*Is not so easy work*; the brightening glow
Of Fancy's fires—is sometimes sought in vain,
And then we Poets feel dull, sick and *lone*
As if—a funeral bell toll'd for some kind friend *gone!*"

The author says that "the nature and design of this poem may not at first be thoroughly understood. It demands a patient and frequent perusal." We hope our readers are prepared for such an event, and are willing with becoming submission to abide with us to the end. We are not disposed however to trespass much upon their *time*, although it is but fair to apprize them, that their "patience" may be abundantly called into requisition. It is evident, we think, that these passages do indeed "demand a patient and frequent perusal to be thoroughly understood." They were not compounded for ordinary minds, nor designed to enlighten the base plebeians of the soil. They are too much wrapped up in the "doctrine of association of ideas" which the writer proposes to illustrate, to be appreciated by any but kindred souls; by poets, by beings whose province it is to reform, instruct, and "philosophize" mankind.

The most obvious circumstances we can gather from the succeeding stanzas are, that Sukey is a "pretty lass" with "eyes of blue, and form symmetrical;" that she "loves a rout," and admires to "show off" in a new kind of riddle called a "long country dance." All this we learn from the third and fourth, and hold our breath untired till we come to the fifth, for a further illustration of the history of this lady. The reader is here prepared for wonders; when, most unopportunely, in the very witching time of expectation, Day Francis the great, emperor of the conjurors, or Francis the First king of the French, or the renowned St. Vitus, ruler of the dandies, somehow contrives to make the author "forget" what he is about, creeps into his "head," and threatens a total disorganization of his upper story. Notwithstanding this digression, however, the writer modestly congratulates himself that he has expressed a "pretty thought," and we have no disposition to deprive him of his hard earned honors.

In the sixth stanza, we are made acquainted with a fact which we have no doubt will be regarded with interest by the majority of our readers; viz. that the author is "fond of dancing." A knowledge of this circumstance is rendered doubly important from the consideration that in imparting it the poet is influenced by no pecuniary views. He is no dancing master in want of pupils, nor is he desirous of taking any other *steps* than those which are here necessary for the public edification. He flutters about to be sure, and cannot be persuaded to stand still for a moment, and make a respectable *figure*. He aims at something higher, and perhaps he is in the right. He wishes to be estimated not as a cold, cautious, prudent, chaste and circumspect delineator of particular things; but as the poet and the pupil of nature; assuming a range vast and unconfined; whose business it is to glance at every thing, and yet be intent on nothing; to connect together "jig—waltz—hornpipe—and minuet" a "king" and a peasant—the "flowers of spring"—and the "powers of Venus"—"shoes" and "shoe-stores"—"religion, philosophy," and "morals"—"Mother Goose," "Jack and Jill and Jack-a-Dandy"—in one commingled mass, send them forth to the world, and give them the air of profound contemplation.

That truly eminent orator, Edmund Burke, has it somewhere in his essays on the sublime and beautiful, that "he finds it very hard to persuade several that their passions are affected by words from whence they have no ideas." Whether there is much force in the remark at the present day, may perhaps be determined from looking over the stanzas subjoined.

"*There is a mystery*, that fills with awe
Around *God's temple standing lonely there?*
*Looking* from its green depths of sycamore,
And *aged elms—nothing communion fair,*—
While *her* chaste ascends the moss-clad spire,
With a *most holy light of heaven kissing fire*

*Hanging around it—pointing silently*
To the unknown of rest, above.—It seems,
To tell the soul in *whispering majesty*,
That there is hope, when all its earth born dreams,
Have vanished into nothing with old time;
With the IMMACULATE PRESENCE and SUBLIME!"

But all this has nothing to do with "Sukey," who fed

"Upon the banquetings of gods; De Foe
Bunyan and Smollet—Richardson—and others—
But best of all her Bible prized, and *so*
*You see*, with Parsons, Spinsters—Guardians, Mothers,
Although she boasted not of wealth and birth,
She passed for something of exceeding worth."

We now come to a very interesting period in the life of Sukey, and it cannot fail to be remarked that the descriptions are singularly poetical.

*When six summers*—more or less, went by—
And SUKEY was thought old *enough to go*
*To school*, and learn her book—her destiny
*It was* in a short time, as you must know
High praise to win from the village school dame,
A good old soul—no matter what her name.

She never whipped her pupils—for she thought
With Shenstone's matron—that the green birch rod
Upon the incorrigible ne'er wrought
A perfect work—and with the gentler would
*Make matters worse*, quick freezing up the feelings
To *finer tissues touch'd* by such hard dealings.

I have indeed heard SUKEY say that, some
Strange punishments were common with the matron;
Namely the pulling of the hair, a gentle *doom!*
And soon forgot, yet many a mother's son,
Knew that her pins were sharp, and hard her thimble
Struck on the dull brained skull, and oft how nimble,

She'd sweep across the room—to shake some urchin
Guilty of some high wickedness, *such as*
Telling a falsehood, picking pockets, lurching,
And other pranks of nature like—*such as*
When life was young, right often we have seen,
Those days, alas! are gone—would they had never been."

There is nothing more difficult than to restrain the impulse of a poet's imagination. His flight is circumscribed to no limits, his fancy bounded by no definite rules. Untiring in effort, he is ever on the wing; unaffected by danger, he is every where displaying his plumage, and glittering in his gayest attire. He lives and moves in an element of his own—and it would be profanation for another to enter it. His chiefest pleasure is in a life of solilitude—and it would be inhuman to prevent him from prying into himself. If he be a sceptic, behold how irreverently he handles the christian religion. See what damnable mysticism he attempts to throw over the prospect of eternity, and the existence of the soul. If he be misanthropic, view with what scorn he regards human nature, and scoffs at human ties. Observe with what fiend-like jealousy he is fiend at beholding the nuptial joy, the parental tear, and the peaceful fireside. An outcast from society, the name of the world or of the social affections is poison and pestilence to his heart. A being without sympathy, his delight is in conjuring up devastation around him, and rendering existence a hell on earth, or, if it were possible, a torment in heaven.

More than one author on the other side of the Atlantic has become obnoxious to these animadversions. Happily for our country, we possess no such writers, and no such poets. We have no imitators of the blasphemous infidelity of Shiel, Maturin and Byron, or of the degenerate and corrupt morality of Godwin, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. Our authors, if not pure in style, are yet unspotted by licentiousness. If they are not eloquent in diction, they are yet irreproachable in sentiment.—The poet whose book we are noticing is remarkably free from the deformities we have described; and it is but justice to his irreproachable taste and morals, that we should offer at least one from among the number of illustrations in point, with which his poem abounds.

"The past is vanished! whether good or ill;—
There is no present—shall the future come?
Alas! why speak of that, it comes to kill,
So much we know of earth,—the fearful doom,
Of things which live, quick hurrying to the tomb,
All that we love in happiness or gloom!

Yet there are recollections to some hearts,
Which prompt the mind, some wishes yet to coin!—
The chain forever winding, never parts;
Or if it parts, the viewless links rejoin,
Binding the spirit, till the destined hour
At last comes forth, and death's resistless power
Gives it to light and life!—but, who can tell,
How shall it be with souls hereafter? where
Unclothed with flesh it goes—the mystic spell
Dissolved, that charmed it to existence here:
And grave worms feed upon that body now,
That once was rife with its ethereal glow."

But the most interesting part of this book is the notes at the end. They all evince vast research, philosophical acumen, profound thinking and beautiful composition. In note fourth there are three entire pages employed in exposing the plagiarisms of that vile imitator and poet Lord Byron. This is as it should be, and we wish the plan thus particularly sketched had been followed up by the exhibition of similar misdemeanours and foibles on the part of that notorious purloiner, Walter Scott, who in his foul and daring attempts upon the republic of letters, has ventured to *usurp* the original of the following:

"Is there a spot more dearly lov'd than all,
More than all others, which the world can give?—
Where flowers forever bloom, and pleasures call!
For which we dare to die, and love to live?
Where centre all the joys, our lives have seen?—
Where days are always bright, and nights serene?
Is there a spot, to which the exile turns,
*When wandering lonely on a distant shore?*
The, while his struggling heart *within him burns*,
Longing to visit its fair scenes once more!
Where pure ones dwell, who love his memory yet,
Far o'er the dark blue sea, he never can forget."

But who talks of imitation on the part of our author? Who dares to malign him thus? Methinks I heard a voice as of one crying in the wilderness, from the Centinel of Saturday last, "in the language of prophecy," saying, "there will be a loud and echoing voice, and it will accuse him of what *he* never ought to stoop to—it will accuse him of *imitation*." Let it never be said that Miss Sukey of Boston is an imitation of any thing, much less of Miss Fanny of New-York; or of that ragamuffin of libertines, Don Juan. She is *ipso facto* an *original*; and he who has beheld a resemblance to her either in the ludicrous or the sentimental, either in style or versification, must have drank deep indeed of the inspiration of the muses. Fanny is unquestionably a copyist, but Sukey stands peerless and alone. We want no pulling of caps on account of the rivalship of authors, and we are perfectly willing the New-Yorker should *croak* if it seemeth meet for him to do so, provided he will let us remain undisturbed in our encomiums on the writer of "Sukey."

We have now done with this wonderful production; and confess that we have feasted upon it with the most luxurious appetite. We repeat that the author has done "something in an uncommon way, for poetry, morality, and manners;" and if his intentions are, as we think they cannot fail to be, "rightly apprehended," he will inevitably reap a harvest of laurels. The "doctrine of association of ideas" avowedly one object in the composition of this poem, never found a more able auxiliary; nor the cause of virtue, philosophy, and religion, a more faithful advocate. We are proud to rank him first on the list of poets who, relying on their own genius, and alike indifferent to the smiles or frowns of criticism, have burst all technical restraints, and shone forth with a splendour at once *peculiar* and *original*. We long to behold the other poems of which he speaks, and which like the one before us purport to be "on subjects intimately connected with the philosophy of the human mind." Since that eventful period when Joseph Lancaster signalized himself among this people, the light of philosophy has nearly burnt out, and the candle of "science" wanted snuffing. Besides—Lancaster was no poet. He never bathed in the stream of Castaly nor gathered myrtle at the summit of Parnassus. How condescending then in a legitimate son of the Muses to come forward, and add new lustre to the lore of ages, and blend with the inspirations of poetry, the "first fruits" of classical erudition.

Having said thus much in favor of the poet, it becomes our duty to recommend his book. We do recommend it to the attention of every individual, alive to the literary reputation of our country; trusting it will not be suffered to moulder upon the shelves of our bookstores, nor to be ungratefully superceded by the toys and playthings of foreign authors. We recommend it to the reverend professors of Harvard College, whether methaphysical or philosophical, oratorical, or scientific, who it is to be hoped will be able to "analyze" it with "philological accuracy." Finally, we recommend it to the gracious protection and countenance of the Editor of the North American Review—firmly believing that what is *greek* to others, will be made intelligible by him—and being fully persuaded that no one can vindicate with more consistency or zeal those mysterious aberrations, and unaccountable flights which characterize the poem of "Sukey." D.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

I send you the following sportive epistle, which was written by an affectionate father to his daughter, on her frequently importuning him to buy her a *Piano Forte*. The author, a citizen of Virginia, and a man of taste and letters, several years since paid the last debt of nature. The lady to whom it was addressed, not long ago showed it to me, and it pleased me so much that I requested and obtained permission to take a copy of it. It contains good sense as well as satire, and seems to me to censure an error in education not uncommon—an error, too, of importance, as it involves the sacrifice of much time, and some essential objects, to an accomplishment, most elegant, indeed, and pleasing, when properly attained, but for which comparatively few can be supposed to possess genius, and which, even if it is the mere result of practice, is seldom more than half acquired. Yours, respectfully, Y.

### THE PIANO FORTE.

TO MARY.

'Tis that I'd have you taught music, and that I could buy
A Forte Piano, my child, is your cry:
Your music, you think, would dispel every care,
Would give langour, ennui, and pain to the air.
But, believe me, my child, by experience I'm taught,
That music with powers like these is not fraught:
When langnor or sorrow have seized on the mind,
Small, small's the relief that from Music we find.
Indeed, if a *week* or a *month* set apart
Should suffice to give competent skill in the art—
A week or a month?—Who would grudge the short time,
To acquire some skill in an art so sublime?
But a competent skill to attain, it appears,
Will demand, not a week, nor a month, but some years.
Then our time, let me ask, shall we waste on an art
Which gives nothing to knowledge, doth nothing impart,
Save a fleeting emotion, which goes like the wind;
It is felt—it is gone—it leaves nothing behind.
Let those who have wealth, and who seek but enjoyment
To keep them from vice, let them have some employment;
Let them finger the Forte Piano, I wean,
It may keep them from cards, and from dice, and the spleen.
But how vain 'tis to seek new employment for such,
Who, fulfilling their duty, before had too much.
Besides, let me tell you, the trouble we find
In acquiring the art, indisposes the mind;
That tedium brings on which, we very well know,
Is of pleasure the fatal, implacable foe.
I've seen it, believe me, again and again,
The pupil approach with disgust and with pain,
That musical task, and perform't with regret,
Which alone with a view to his pleasures was set.
There's a fitness, besides, which we ne'er should transgress,
In attainments a fitness, a fitness in dress;
And this fitness whoever neglects, I am sure,
Will the keen lash of ridicule often endure.
Though the mistress may wear and become her brocade,
We scoff the fine stuff on the back of her maid.
Though the lord may become his fine velvet and lace,
Yet if *Hodge* were so deck'd, folks would laugh in his face.
Thus those who from all humble cares are exempt,
The elegant arts may fitly attempt;
But those who are doomed with such cares to contend,
On arts of mere pomp have no time to misspend;
And as all on life's scene have their own proper parts,
To the rich leave the showy and time-killing arts.
But to see a poor girl, by its vanity led,
Its fingers so nimble, so empty its head;
To see such a thing, and to it, in vain,
Urge its fingers and throat to produce a poor strain,
Contempt doth beget, or, its half-sister, pity,
In all who are forced to attend to the ditty.
To see a poor thing who can scarce read with ease
Its vernacular lingo, or makes its chemise,
Who, to save it, can't tell its pence-table by rote,
Yet must whine out its ditty by book and by note;
To see such a thing, I must say it again,
Will be sure to excite our contempt and disdain.
I conclude, then, my dear, that the time you can steal
From the needle and scissors, the loom and the wheel,
You'll, if I mistake not, most certainly find,
By far better spent in *improving your mind*,
Than in thrumming a Forte Piano by note,
Or *artem secundem* sore straining your throat;
And, if time on your hands perchance ever lingers,
Give that time to your head, and not to your fingers.


## WAVERLY NOVELS.

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